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The Russian Kaleidoscope.

The gravity of the news from Russia is not decreased by the uncertainty yet existing as to the reach and sweep of the wave of extreme radicalism which has broken against Petrograd and destroyed so much of that which had been built by the fact, the patience, the patriotism and the infinite courage of Krasavsky. For although the nominal control of the Government by the Soldiers' and Workmen's faction might mean no more than a local revolution within the greater revolution—an incident repeating those familiar to every student of the successive aspects of the French Revolution—and although Bolshevik ideas may not prevail everywhere in that vast country, at the best there is in the situation the possibility of a period of civil strife perhaps as disastrous to the common cause of the Allies and as advantageous to Germany's military aims as if the demand for separate peace were universal.

To the anxious observers of events in Russia during the period of transition this danger has always seemed near. In its present development it can be neither blinked nor overestimated. Those who have believed in the essential soundness and sanity of the great middle classes, the commercial and agricultural elements of the population, need not relinquish faith in the ultimate establishment of a stable government. All the same, the postponement of the date of stability is a serious matter to the nations which have been fighting for Russia.

Two City Departments of National Importance.

Two of the departments of the city of New York have to-day a national military importance of a kind and significance unprecedented in the history of the United States.

On the Police Department the Federal Government must rely in great measure for the collection of information concerning enemy plotters, spies and native born traitors.

On the Department of Docks and Ferries the Federal Government must depend for cooperation in the transportation of men and stores overseas and to other seaports.

The relations between the men at the head of these municipal departments and the officials of the army and navy at Washington and elsewhere must of necessity be of the most intimate character. To each department it is essential that the gravest official secrets should be disclosed in order that complete coordination be obtained, and it is imperative that the men to whom these secrets must be entrusted should be efficient and experienced as well as honest and patriotic.

In this matter we have to deal not with the vulgar corruption of a town opened wide to practitioners of unlawful trades, or the blackmail of one transportation company seeking facilities to compete with another; the crooked gaming house, and the public wharf closed to all except favorite shippers, the thief in a blue uniform and the watchman paid for sleeping comfortably all night long, shrink to negligible proportions.

We have to consider the protection of our property, the successful performance of our military and naval plans, the safety of our transports and naval vessels and the lives of our sons and brothers. Incompetency, dishonesty, betrayal of trust in the Police and Dock departments would mean an increased moral hazard to individuals. It is true, but they would mean also the endangering of our lives and peril to our national existence.

It betrays no confidence to record the fact that at any time since August, 1914, the Imperial German Government would have paid any price for information easily obtainable through the Police Department and the Dock Department; for information with regard to the activities of the secret service, the Department of Justice, cargoes of ships arriving and departing, conditions on the water front, movements of merchantmen

and men-of-war. Since we entered the war the value of this information to the Imperial German Government has been greatly increased.

If the Imperial German Government cannot obtain the Police and Dock departments with its agents it would reap a tremendous benefit if those departments were stupidly, ineffectively, unintelligently managed, for political purposes, for personal gain, and not for the public good. With-out intention to serve Germany, with sincere belief in his own integrity, a dull Commissioner in either department could do the United States incalculable harm, and give proportionate aid to the Imperial German Government, simply by the assiduous application of his stupidity to the affairs entrusted to him.

At present these departments are administered by competent, experienced, trustworthy citizens. Police Commissioner Wooson enjoys the unique distinction, among municipal department executives, of having an appointment for a definite term of five years, and if he serves the full period his occupancy of his office will last until April, 1919, he having been named for his post in April, 1914.

Dock Commissioner SMITH was appointed in 1913 by Mayor GAYTON and continued in his office under Mayor MITCHELL. They are completely familiar with the duties that are imposed on them, and each has worked a revolution for good in his department, while giving to the United States civil and military authorities indispensable aid in the prosecution of national defense.

It is fruitless to lament the fact that these men, who if circumstances comparable to those now existing in national affairs should arise in a private organization would without question be retained at their posts, will be dismissed because of the outcome of the election. The highest considerations of state must now, as they have in the past, give way to the hunger of job hunters. Wooson and SMITH are marked to go; it is now useless to regret that fact.

But it is not useless, nor is it ill advised, to recall at this time the grave consequences that will inevitably flow from the appointment in their places of incompetent, unfit or uninformed men. It is, indeed, a public obligation to recognize now the terrible possibilities involved in the choice of unintelligent or dishonest men to succeed them, possibilities that in their ultimate effects for evil to the United States cannot be overestimated.

The Handwriting of Treason.

One of the small but significant changes in epistolary fashion since the Department of Justice got to work in earnest is visible in the sedulous or treasonable communications that come to newspapers from sympathizers with the enemy.

Every newspaper, we suppose, is deluged with such missives. If they are merely foolish they go to the waste basket or to the office cat.

As long as the crime of treason, punishable with death, was latent because the American Government was not then at war, letters reaching this quarter from pro-German propagandists or sympathizers were often signed; or, if anonymous, they were without apparent attempt to disguise the writing.

Lately we observe in correspondence of this description a more frequent resort to the slow and clumsy process of spelling out the text by pencil or pen in capital letters; an expedient conventionally supposed to be a safeguard against detection of the authorship.

We note this little circumstance as an indication of a wider understanding of the existence of a death penalty for treasonable enterprise.

Standard Leaves.

The Government has acted with good sense in beginning its attempt to regulate the price of bread by establishing standard weights for loaves. If it lacks legal authority to enforce observance of these standards, the consuming public has power to compel adherence to them by buying only Government size loaves.

At present bread is sold without regard to weight. The housewife does not buy a pound, or twenty-four ounces, or two pounds. She calls for a dime's worth, or fifteen cents worth of bread, and takes what the seller gives her; and what it amounts to she never knows. Hence price fluctuations really mean nothing.

When it is established that a loaf of bread shall weigh a certain number of ounces, and that changes in the cost of its ingredients shall be met by raising its price, and not by decreasing its size, it will be possible for the public to decide with some approach to accuracy whether it is being exploited or is merely bearing a fair burden for its food; and an informed population will be able to protect itself against cheats.

New York!

Take off your hat, Second Federal Reserve District, and make a bow to the Secretary of the Treasury.

"The New York district has a right to feel particularly proud," he is saying, "as its total subscription amounts to \$1,550,453,450, which represents an over-subscription of its quota of 72 per cent. It not only went over the top on the basis of the \$3,000,000,000 loan, but it has exceeded its maximum allotment by \$50,453,450."

This compliment includes not only New York city but New York State, twelve counties of northern New Jersey, and Fairfield county in the State of Connecticut.

Within this region Manhattan Island, Staten Island and Fairfield

county have special reason for pride and satisfaction, having clearly over-subscribed their quotas of the second Liberty loan. Dozens of towns and cities did their individual bits and much more.

In the first Liberty loan the Second Federal Reserve District, with 80 per cent. of the banking resources of the United States, offered 80.5 per cent. of the total subscription; with 11.8 per cent. of the population of the country it furnished 33.3 per cent. of the individual subscribers.

In the second Liberty loan the Second Federal Reserve District offered 33.5 per cent. of the total subscription and a proportion of the individual subscribers as yet undetermined but probably about the same as last June.

Four per cent. of the population of the United States subscribed to the first Liberty loan, but 11.5 per cent. of the people of the Second Federal Reserve District were subscribers. Nine per cent. of the population of the United States subscribed to the second Liberty loan, but it is evident that the Second Federal Reserve District has done better than that.

"Then will he thank the kindly star That made his home to be New York!" sang Gouverneur Morris in a happy couplet printed some years ago.

Certain Trench Customs.

Explanations of the United States army's first loss, in a trench raid by the enemy on the French front, have been disappointing to the folks at home. A statement of the number of killed, wounded and missing, with the added information that the German barrage cut off all relief, leaves questions still to be asked.

There are theories, however, all more or less plausible and more or less interesting. A recent despatch suggests that the Americans, having been only a few hours in the trench, were confused by their unfamiliarity with the position. Another possibility mentioned is that the French soldiers, fearing the Americans would fire too soon, held back.

The action was of minor importance, of the sort that goes on day after day. Official reports of the fighting all but ignore the raid and battle—engagements which occupy minutes only. The American public realizes this, but naturally the first actual trench experience of the Americans is a matter for painstaking analysis.

Fully as satisfactory as any report from France, in accounting for the Americans' first losses, is a picture of the present customs of trench raiding as presented by visiting French officers. The prevailing style, less than a year old, involves a spraying barrage of the ground behind the enemy trench. The enemy thus isolated in his trench is attacked by a superior force and almost invariably overwhelmed. Having captured the survivors, the raiding party returns to its own trench. By chance or by a preparation too great for such a small action, a raid may be broken up and the tables turned. The rule, however, is hard fighting, with the advantage on the side of the attacking force.

It will happen again and again—though not invariably with adverse results. The story of the first American raid on German trenches may not be far off.

A People From India.

A few days ago there died in a Massachusetts town JOSHUA STANLEY, aged 80, described as "one of the best known gypsy leaders in the country." The casual reader whose eye may have caught this bit of intelligence probably pictured persons in bright clothing and earrings encamped by the roadside. But JOSHUA STANLEY died "at his home in Roslindale." Do gypsies have homes?

They do. In this country are many gypsies who not only have homes but handsome property holdings. "In Boston, Somerville, Fall River, Providence, Worcester, Hartford, New Haven and Springfield in New England and in many other cities of the Union gypsies own real estate, free and clear, worth from \$20,000 to \$100,000," one authority assures us. "Many have thousands of dollars in ready money. I have full details of such cases."

What is a gypsy?

The answer must be that he is a man of a certain race, scattered all over the earth, which came originally from India. The evidences of his Indian origin are found principally in the Romany speech, which shows close kinship to Hindustani. Romany is not a dialect, a slang or a jargon. It is a distinct language, considerably infected, but a spoken language only, and therefore possessing no alphabet but only different sounds. These have been reduced to writing by students of the gypsy peoples, not without difficulty, for the gypsy doesn't like to talk in Romany before gajns, as he calls all non-gypsies.

Caste peculiarities of the Hindus are reflected in gypsy customs. They will never use the clothing of the dead. If a person while cooking takes snuff none will eat the food prepared; but smoking carries no such mysterious contamination. A dish thrown in the dirt or in dirty water is discarded forever. The same soap may not serve in washing clothes and washing dishes. ALBERT T. SINCLAIR, to whom we owe these observations, adds:

"They [two gypsy friends] assert that there are many other peculiarities and customs, but said they could not think of them. Those mentioned they only spoke of when I suggested them. Being illiterate people they cannot tell you about such matters unless something is

said which brings the idea into their minds."

Here is revealed the chief trouble in finding out the truth about this race of wanderers. Mr. SINCLAIR by the exercise of much patience learned the Romany speech and won the confidence of the New England Sinclairs and Coopers, who are English born and of famous gypsy families. But though they no longer attempted to befool gajns, as they habitually try to befool gajns, the gypsies were almost helpless to communicate the details of their lives that SINCLAIR sought. They could, in the main, neither read nor write, except the young children, who got some schooling in winter; consequently they could not think or recall anything connectedly, but had to rely on suggestion to call up their memories of the past.

Gypsies are advantaged in America by the fact that when they settle down, as they tend increasingly to do, they are not victims of social prejudice. Their neighbors do not ordinarily distinguish them from any other kind of rather earthy and "foreign" newcomers.

The children at school get along well with teachers and other pupils. The men seldom go into any business except dealing in horses or money lending. Those of them who have prospered know the value of a reputation for fair dealing. Mr. SINCLAIR recalls a story that a gypsy years ago furnished all the horses for the horse car lines in San Francisco, making a large fortune by the honesty and general business ability he displayed then and afterward.

Even the most settled gypsies take to the open road in summer. The horse dealers in Somerville and a gypsy hotel keeper in Canada seem to be the only recorded instances of a permanent abandonment of the nomadic habit. But the summer travels are becoming more outings, with harmless necessities in the shape of fortune telling by the women and sales of woven baskets.

The Hon. CHARLES F. MURPHY is undoubtedly congratulating himself on the fact that a McCoey, and not a McCarren, is the leader of the Kings County Democracy to-day.

There is nothing to show that the President took into his confidence any committee [man?] on Foreign Affairs.—The Evening Post.

How can he get along without Gum Shoe Bill's advice?

JOHN BROWN'S Bodyguard, ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S Housekeeper, and all those other famous personages who return to life at will, now welcome into their midst WOODROW WILSON'S Nurse, who has been discovered in Coldwater, O., and interviewed directly by the local press. The child was a most energetic and promising one, she testified, but she had no idea he would become President. Had she suspected his future—had she felt even the remotest hunch that the chubby THOMAS would one day sit in the White House, she would have clipped a lock of his hair. Thus the interview ends. This, we seem to recollect, is the third WOODROW WILSON nurse to come to the front in a space of five years.

Tammany architects are examining the City Hall projectors to the placement of the ruined cupola with an artistic representation of a fattening tiger, having clock dials in place of eyes.

THE MEN WHO WENT.

A Reasonable Suggestion That They Were Really Free Agents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: While we all sympathize deeply with the good women of our country who have faithfully waited for their husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts in our army and navy, the constant reiteration of the statement that they have been "given" by the women to the public service, and the elimination of the idea of free action and voluntary enlistment on the part of the men, does not seem fair. I am reminded of the story of the little boy who, having slipped over the bank into a stream, was rescued from drowning. His mother enquired upon him with much earnestness and repetition that he should thank the good Lord for saving his life. At last, getting a little tired, she pulled the boy's continued appeal, he cried out:

"But, mother, I pulled a little bit on the grass myself!" C. E. S. BOSTON, Mass., November 8.

Colonel Bryan and the Bull.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: To-day's SUN informs the world that William J. Bryan, while on a hunting trip, was chased by a bull and reached safety by flight.

Did he inform the bull of his patent treaty which stayed all fighting until a year after the casus belli had arisen? Did he try to show the bull that the referendum was the only proper procedure?

In what spirit did the bull receive Bryan's pacifist treatises and his referendum theories? Did Bryan get the bull's votes? M. W. VAN AUBURN, Utica, November 7.

Flag of the Free.

I am white—the robe of Morning—After blown.
I am blue—the skies of Noonday—And the blue of the sea.
I am red—the veil of Evening—On her throne.
This I am—O Sons of Freedom—Hear my lute!

Festoon me, O my warriors, drink from my holy grail,
Chalice of life, blossoms, O sons of freedom true,
Fore your wrath in menace, insolent tyrants quell,
Kneel before my Presence—the Red, White and Blue!

My stars in field of aureole hold no traitor guile,
My stripes are streams of glory over your true men,
The slave that sees me holy, breaks to freedom smile,
God—his only master—neath the Red, White and Blue!

I am tied—the blush of Lilith—Aldena's lure.
I am White—the soul of matrons—Claire and pure.
I am Blue—the ocean's beauty—Freedom's bride.
Keep me free and keep me holy—O'er the Tide!

HELEN JANE PARR.

HARNESSING THE SEA.

Wave Motors on the Pacific Coast: One of Them Works.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: More than twenty years ago a wave power little blurb near the famous CHURCH House, a few miles outside the Golden Gate, it worked on the principle of a ponderous raft that was raised and lowered inside its upright moorings by the pulse of the sea. That up and down motion was harnessed to a crank turning a wheel, which in turn operated a windmill operating the piston of a well pump.

Great storm waves twisted and finally wrecked the structure. Evidently the promoters had not been able to persuade many helpful investors, as the structure and its company did not budge again to attribute failure to the earthquake and fire.

Near the city of Santa Cruz, Cal., there is a low tableland along the shore, with abrupt chalklike cliffs some twenty feet high. In several places the action of the waves has worn picturesque notches through the cliffs, and from these cliffs, at one place, an arched tunnel extends directly inshore and into a small open pitlike space in the rocks.

As the ocean swells come shoreward in rhythmic succession with the regular pulse of the vast Pacific their hydraulic pressure intermittently forces the water in through the tunnel, and then, rather than of the surface of the water.

So there, in that natural chamber, some one years ago built a float. It works up and down, safe from storm waves, and its regular perpendicular tread is attached to a wheel that turns an electric generator. That sea pulse motor was still time to work the last I heard of it. It has the Pacific pushing along.

The point is that perhaps other cliffs immediately and continuously exposed to wave action might be artificially equipped with similar well holes and tunnels, bored through from the land side, and connected to the sea by a pulse motor. Such an arrangement would attain conversion of ocean energy independently of high and low tides. It would take advantage, where topography permitted, merely of the pulse of the ocean. And if successful where there are cliffs, why might it not be made so by new tunnels and well holes made of concrete?

ARCHIE RICE, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., November 8.

THEY ARE ALL DOING WELL.

Telephone Company, Royal Insurance Company and Others.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Fine! Good for the New York Telephone Company!

But the flag described in THE SUN—may be the flag of the "biggest service" yet—"assuming that 'biggest' applies to the number of employees in service pro patria.

For a couple of weeks the Royal Insurance Company, Malden lane and William street, please note that it isn't "Wilhelmstrasse"—has displayed a similar flag with the numerals 1-3-4-2—count 'em 1-3-4-2—over the entrance to its building. The telephone company with its 1,009 is all right, but the insurance company is "doing its bit" working for fire prevention, a vital necessity at this time, advocating fire protection, all the way from water barrels and buckets to automatic sprinklers; providing and paying indemnity against loss, and also sending 1,342 men into the service.

"Red hounds and nine telephone men" made a splendid contribution to the boys' "over there," but 1,342 are a stronger assurance that "the world will be made safe for democracy"—and it is a bigger number on the flag.

PAUL MARON, NEW YORK, November 8.

THE SYLVAN FOUR.

The Swell of the Dell Was the Largest, Thought the Boys.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: One of your correspondents is mistaken about the number of the Sylvan boys on the East River. There were four, named respectively Sylvan Dell, Sylvan Grove, Sylvan Glen and Sylvan Stream.

As a boy back in 1876 I remember that the four boys, who were called "the Sylvan Four," were very popular. We used to think, when in swimming, "Then there were the Arrowheads and the Little Rappahannock and a few others whose names I have failed to mention and cannot recall." A. E. K. NEW YORK, November 7.

A Boat With Two Walking Beams.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Did a ship with two walking beams ever ply the waters of New York Bay?

NEW YORK, November 7. M. J. F.

New Name for an Old Boat.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Now that the second Liberty loan has been successfully completed, might not an appropriate message of warning to the Kaiser be: from the submarine in Central Park?

W. R. EATON, NEW YORK, November 7.

Pictorial Art in Vermont.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A friend told me that while driving through Vermont recently he had seen in a shop window some old prints. As he thought in —, and suggested I write to the postmaster there if I was interested. I sent a note to the postmaster asking if he knew of any such antique store and received a prompt reply at the foot of my letter signed with his official rubber stamp. It was as follows:

There is no place in — worthy of the name—a second hand store here now and then gets a picture of the chrome class and "Old Blend" Our Home—worked in cardboard, and things along those lines. We have many Rubes but not a single Rubens.

High Bridge in those days was a pleasant place of refreshment and a popular resort on Sunday. I hope your correspondent has as pleasant memories of his trips on the High Bridge as I have in the days when we were both younger.

JOHN P. DAVIN, M. D. NEW YORK, November 8.

Changing California.

From the Santa Rosa Republic. In the best informed town circles Santa Rosa recently considered a good place to kill Chinamen.

ENFRANCHISED WOMAN.

A Cynic Doubts That She Will Show More Sense Than Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: You believe women will show more sense in the polling booth than some male citizens showed on Tuesday. Some of them will, of course, but no more in proportion than among the men. They are all human beings, all possessed of more or less common sense, but they have never shown themselves possessed of any more gray matter than men.

Suffrage advocates declare politics and the government will be clean when women vote and that therefore taxes will be lower. Not in a thousand years! When men and women all become saints or angels, in short, when the millennium arrives, then, and not till then, may we expect clean politics. Nine-tenths of the small number of women who do vote cast their ballots the same way as their husbands, brothers or sweethearts, so that the vote is increased without any difference in the result. The only thing that is accomplished by a doubling up of the election expense, and as this money comes out of the taxpayer's pocket through taxes, where does any reduction of taxes come in? Statistics from suffrage States prove these facts.

BROOKLYN, November 8. A. L. M.

LASTING PEACE.

"He Who Is Afraid of War Will Never Be Able to Make It."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Like Duke DeLorge in the novel, I happen to be a peace-loving fellow, and I am sure for debate, and the war supplies numerous topics which invite discussion. My room is invariably selected as their rostrum. Its quiet atmosphere is apiked with tobacco and made soap box noisy with their high pitched voices. It may seem strange, but my knowledge with respect to peace is not based on any quiet wisdom, but on the contrary every attempt on my part has discovered an angel at the gate with a flaming sword. They insist that three minds are better than one.

A few evenings ago they undertook to lift history, as it were, with due respect and with my habitual silence. Then, suddenly, out of the fragrant clouds and the din of voices, I translated a call for my opinion on the subject.

When the shock had been fully absorbed, I slowly showed my teeth, and reaching for a healthy looking volume with a "wedding garment binding," as Cassiodorus would say, I read slowly and emphatically as follows:

A lasting peace can only be made on the principles of justice and truth. And a war in the cause of justice is a peace in the cause of the most of principles. Peace is not the only thing worth having in life, either in one's own heart or in one's relation with one's own family or with the world. Indeed, I doubt if any one ever attained in his own heart that peace of God which passeth all understanding until he had fought many a battle. The peace of the soul is not a peace at any cost will not only that such peace-making brings a blessing neither from God nor man, but that it is probably more difficult for him to bring peace to one who is by nature a fighter. The fighter has in some ways the better instincts of the two, and he is worth fighting for, and he is not afraid to face an opponent. He who is afraid of war will never be able to make a lasting peace.

There was absolute silence for my applause.

"That extract, gentlemen," I concluded, "is taken from a book entitled 'Laws of the Spiritual Life.' Its author went down with the Lusitania. If these sentiments were worthy of quiet reflection, let the religious community of the world be made safe for democracy"—and it is a bigger number on the flag.

By the time I had replaced my book I found that my friends had procured their hats, and that a controversy had merely been started, but that we believed the public should be apprized of the facts.

We are sincere in our belief that a group of men are laboring more zealously than New York hotel men to do the United States Government in consequence of their food.

All of this, it must be remembered, is a distinct financial loss to men who cater to the palate. But this is a time for sacrifice, and if the hotel men were unwilling to sacrifice they could not or would not deserve to hold the respect of the public for their services.

The next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings so rigidly observed in New York hotels are conserving thousands of pounds of food for the boys in the trenches. But this is only one of a score of plans that are being worked out by hotel men for the benefit of the boys.

At the beginning of the war every New York hotel worthy of the name stripped its menus of every article that might tend to wastefulness in preparation. Single rolls are being served, the portions are made smaller; sugar bowls have been substituted for individual sugar holders containing two lumps of sugar.

Guests have been urged by printed notices on menus to eat sparingly. What other business, we might ask, has pleaded with patrons to buy sparingly of its wares? Every hotel has big signs of economy, and restaurants urging food economy.

Waiters have been asked to sign food pledges. Chefs have been instructed, under the penalty of dismissal, to save every scrap. It must be remembered that hotel menus are made by the public demand. The hotel men cannot give the public what it does not want. If they do they will go out of business.

So the question of food conservation has resolved into a campaign of education on the part of the hotel men for the public. To intimate, even by inference, that they are lax in their trust, is to say the least unwise.

THOMAS D. GREEN, President New York Hotel Men's Association.

JOHN MCK BOWMAN, Hotel Billmore.

C. J. CAVANAGH, President Society of Restaurateurs.

R. A. GRIFFIN, The Claremont.

VENICE.

Once did the Doges hold
Supper in the Doge's Hall,
Venice most beautiful,
Bride of the Sea.